REC'D NOV 16 1976

This volume
is incomplete.

Indexed
3/3/93 PS

CPJ.

7-5-82

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/woffordcollegej8719woff_0

NOV 1975

THE JOURNAL

MAINE TO GEORGIA

As evening thickens
We huddle around an oak campfire
And smoke crumpled cigarettes

Whispered recollections
Of hikes too far and days too long
Fill the gaps in campers' thoughts
Till only the sound of the breeze remains

As the fire burns lower
We pull torn ponchos
Closer around our ears
And wait for cold sleeping bags
To unroll themselves

With no one wishing to talk
Or willing to move
We stretch in the dust
Our eyes frozen in the fire

Maybe we'll just rest a while
Then watch the sunrise
But we're already asleep.

FABLE

A silverfish has found his way
into Magritte's "Empire of Light."
At first I thought he had to be
above it all; but death cannot be brushed aside:
the glass comes first.

He sought a path of progress (his back
was to the wall) and found this frame
of reference. Deus in machina manque,
an insect Icarus held up, he's hanged himself
and flawed the scene.

It's a familiar shtick, of course.
Remember, in "A Hard Day's Night,"
when Paul McCartney's granddad rose,
disdainful, to the stage. "That can't be right!"
Spinetti, in the booth, exclaimed.

And my roommate ('67) for quick cash
let himself be hypnotized and put to bed,
downtown, in a window. And there he slept,
like evening, spread out against the sky,
till evening came.

But Jack got up; and Paul's clean granddad
went right down again. The silverfish
is suffocating, slowly, in the sky.
But what do do? —To weep? To pray?
To call the rescue squad?

That can't be right. Instead, let's moralize
a bit, say something wise but safe,
    To dilettantes, fair warning:
    You may grow engagé.
    To silverfish, cold comfort:
    There is no better way.

PENNIES

The smoke from my cigarette
Curls towards you, and never quite touches,
As the sweat on my chest slowly
Evaporates;
And I know that soon I will go. . .

When I was ten my mother gave me
Twenty bits of copper
To do with as I pleased.
The store downtown had books---
Different worlds.
Twenty bits of copper for a new life seemed
A fair bargain.

The electric--eye door whipped back and forth
Beside a blind man who had
A cup.
The door opened for me and I
Bought my book.
I didn't stop to think that
A blind man cannot read;
I just went down the street. . .

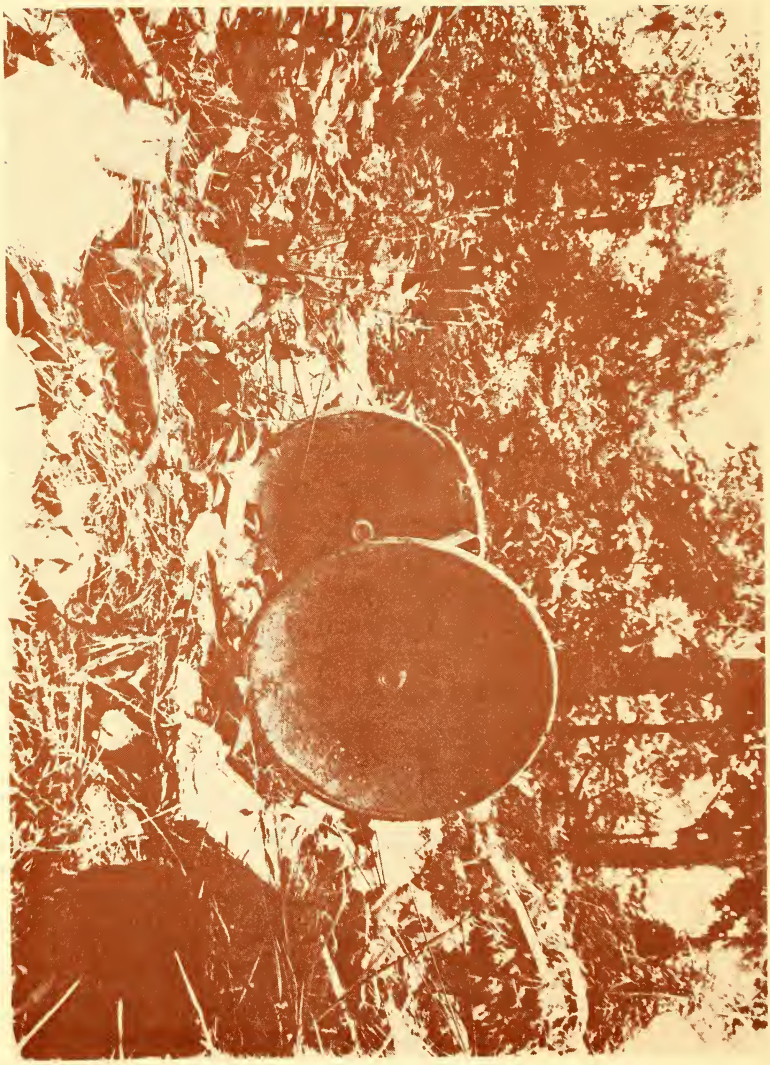
So I will go.
I am ten years older now, and the seed I
Leave inside you is dead to me.
It is twenty bits of copper that I never
Put in a blind man's cup.

VULTURE WITH BARKING EYES

To the vulture with barking eyes
making amends to tragedy
steaming with self-respect
whimpering meadow blues
white oak and hickory with mystic faces
the vulture flashes shadows back

across the steep rock-studded path
the owl must watch for his prey
without sun of morning, light of day
helpless sparrow . . . . .

morning dances with new melodies
vulture circles --- tight beak ---
owl sits in retrospect
sparrow flits from bush to tree
trickling mountain stream



DROPS

I poured the sugar
As slowly as I could
But I couldn't make less
Than about ten grains
At a time
Fall out of the packet.
  (Tens and centennials
   are secure stopping places
   For ten fingered people.
   But the dust of a finger bone
   May catch in my nose today)
I watched it for a while.
The grains sifted down through the steam
And the powder swirled over the side
Like dust in a shaft of light.
  (These pieces of infinity
   Wrapped in state birds
   Packed by the case
   By the boxcar)
I gave up and dumped the rest in
And licked the sugar dust off the rim.

Scraps of infinity
...the hair on my head–
  (Does it count
  when it's caught in the drain?)
  "Hemo the Magnificent"
  Could fill the Empire State Building
  With blood,
  Given the average lifespan.

There's infinity in a grain of sand
But there is nothing in it
Like the smell of the sun
On a woman just out of the ocean.

Emerging from those particle worlds
These drops from her hair
Are wet.

I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR PLANARIA

On a cloudy day, drop some morsel into
a clear creek or pool, and the dark
winding creature will wiggle to the
surface for a nibble
Or should I say a "suck," for as you
know, if you know flatworms, instead
of going at food head first, the flat-
worm glides over it and everts a
whitish, trunk-like tube from the middle
of its underside which sucks in the
victuals
Try it, or if you've got the time, take
one member of the species under con-
sideration and place it by itself
in a tank of fresh water and watch
it slowly eat itself with a refine-
ment of taste and motion.

For the common flatworm there could be
no greater pleasure than gliding
along with its slender young body,
each eye looking at the other, in the
fluid darkness, eating tiny globules
of marine life.

What could be more delightful than to
have lost yesterday and not yet
possess tomorrow?

The flatworm, for all it cares, could
live forever; it swings both ways.
so to speak.

With very little pomp or preparation,
a tiny flap can become a drifting,
swinging, gliding monster who
patiently waits for cloudy days
Or, if the weather's good, will silently
grovel around for sublunary globules
or itself.

And who, after gliding about for some
time, is likely to come to rest in
the darkest spot available, and to
assume the shape of a formless lump.

KITE

The mists from my mouth
Fade.
Around me is the cold I no longer
Feel;
Inside me there are sticks of straw.

My eyes are empty paper boxes
Never tied to the thin line of a child's smile.
Line enough to anchor me,
To let me ride steady in crisp air,
Facing the sun.

The calloused hands of the wind whirl me now.

I start a new ritual by smashing the glasses against the wall before we've drunk out of them. The public library is never so strange. Miss Finnwich, librarian, presses over to me as cold and sullen as a train whistle in the dark plains of Kansas, to tell me I'm disturbing the party and to please have a little more respect. The smashing of glasses is no place for a library, she says.

Chagrined, my chins follow me, one right after the other, like a pair of cripnled wet feet, as I go into the stacks to drink alone. On the way I come across a bag of wet cement, that is actually an albino bull terrier in a grey tweed suit, lying on the floor between the shelves. Its head is flat like a pinched puffer, and I name it Randolf for short. I pick it up: flaccid. My guess is that it's dead.

I take it to a table and display the lifeless nuisance to my friends. They gather in silence and shrivel when, without warning, Randolf falls to the floor with a thud. I blush and feel guilty, as if I have killed it more. Silence. My friends dispense with laughter until their eyes bevel. Darkness.

Suddenly, like a movie in reverse, Randolf reels up off the floor and onto the table. He swells: a chocolate-covered balloon, wearing brown leather overalls and suede sneakers. As he glares at me with the eyes of the sun, I imagine him to be an egotistical buddha-dwarf from Jamaica. Soon he unwinds onto the floor again: Randolf.

Winding and unwinding, swelling, continue periodically for some time. At one point, as Buddha, he pulls out two wine glasses, one from each breast, and offers me a drink. I tell him to regret the offer, and he says he understands. He proves this by throwing the glasses to the wall. Miss Finnwich makes a gallant dive to save them, but disappears before she gets there.

We drink from the bottle for days. Drunk, Buddha wonders if this is Kansas and crawls off into the stacks, he mumbles, to read Freud. I look desperately for Randolf and the glass slippers. The party is over. Miss Finnwich is sleeping. No one leaves until all books are stamped, and silence abounds as everyone files out the turnstiles backwards.

NUREYEV

Brava!
  Behold! Centrestage--
    There pounces and prances,
      Wild Panther. . .
  Sinuous--
    Sleek--
      Crevice -- graced muscle;
Line of artist perfection.

Five--thousand silhouettes. . .
  Wild--eyed--
    Meek--
      Preface un premier danseur;
Captured mirrors reflecting
    the elusive Crowdservant
      in the pale houselight. . .

The shadow of a Masterpanther--
  Stagecentre to wing--
Silently stalks its way
    into the souls
      of ten--thousand eyes.

SEASONS FALLING

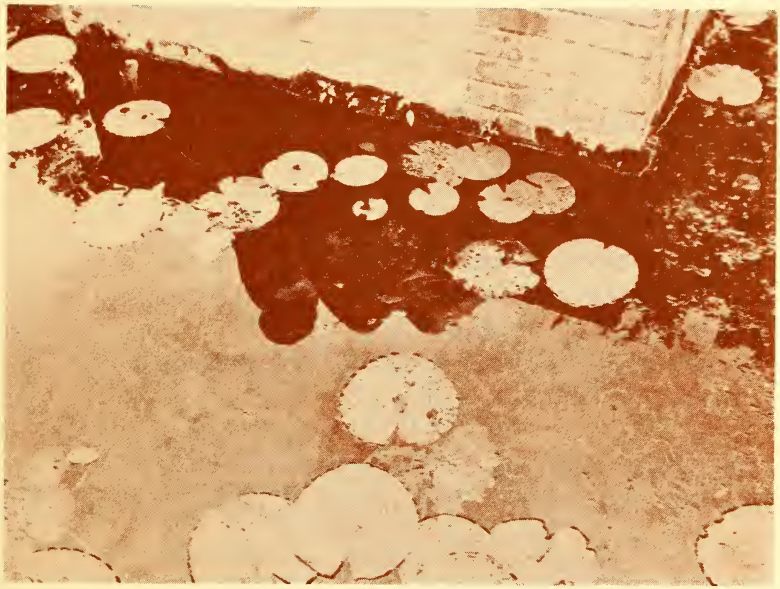
Seasons Falling
Closely after one another
Like well shown slides of the family
Filling the blue, crisp sky
With the popcicle colors of autumn
Or a stark white winter scene
That slides past on brown runners
Into the early snows.
Flicking again in time to catch
The cracking brown stenceled trees
Bursting into a thousand pieces of green.
Spring drops into summer and stays
Until the bright filters of June and July
Turn slowly into August and September.

THE CALM

After the storm
We lie face down
In the blood-mixed sand
And speak without sighing
Of the beauty of freedom
All really nothing
No one writes poetry
After the storm

After the storm
We wring the clouds
And pick up rain
Sometimes we laugh
But it's all really nothing
No one writes poetry
After the storm

After the storm
We lie face down
And wait for another
Peace, freedom, really nothing
But the sand is warm
And life is long
And no one writes poetry
After the storm.



THE BASTARD IN OLIVUS

. . .that men may learn by suffering.

Olivus, at one point, sought the guardian of the Sun,
    breaking stalk of Light;
Dawn's splintered prisms scattered to the waves,
    beating senselessly upon the shore of the viridian sea;
Fire-flickers on a hearth of gold.

Olivus, seek the Igneous Spark;
The Resurrected Sun.

In winged breath of dewed morn,
    there blows honest sea salt--
    (It chokes the throat.)
In decadent gasp of black night,
    there dissipates the shadow of a highwayman--
    (It, too, chokes the throat.)

The Lion lies waiting to pounce upon the Fox;
The Fox laughs nervously-- confiedently-- as it sneaks behind,
    yet always ahead, masking time.

The honest salt; great man; poor bastard,
    loses strength, worn away by circumstance;
Waves turn stone into sand drifts.
The highwayman acts, and survives,
    treading on the sand,
    laughing at the idiot.

Imagine Olivus: Impregnable Pope in the virgin hour,
    pregnant with infantile repetition;
    the rhythm method.

Repetition is the bastard of an idle mind--

In a sense,
In a sense,
In a sense,

Innocence:

A reflection of the Risen Sun in the stained window-glass. . .

EPITAPH FOR D.A. TRAVERSI

You talk of the fertile Nilus's slime,
Your wormed Cleopatra— transcendent, sublime.
I wouldn't be slow to eulogize her
But I'd call her fertlity fertilizer.

A shovel of droppings from any pig's pen
Would outgrow the Queen. So think of us, friend.
We naughtily starve the ground for a time
And can't green the grass over our grime.
We lie vaulted in, not one worm is served,
With our weight so secure and preserved.

TO MY FATHER, ON HIS MADNESS

Good God, what drives you
Every couple of years to these frenzies?
Pruning is the worst.
Away with the old, dead limbs
So the young may reach heavenward!

You know damn well Tim must
Be with his wife and child
And the two young lads have more sense
Than to mount the roof, lean over the edge
And poke with a clumsy pruning pole.

Why is it always me, the first born?
You bloody well know that as a child
I fell two stories, by God's grace,
And got only a black eye.

Have you forgotten that
Or is my courage suspect?
Is this your way of loving?
You and your mad notions.

CONTENTS

Page	Title	Author, Artist
1	*MAINE TO GEORGIA*	*Dean Greene*
2	*FABLE*	*Ed Minus*
3	*photograph*	*Mark Crenshaw*
4	*PENNIES*	*Peter Harvin*
5	*VULTURE WITH BARKING EYES*	*L.R. Perry*
6	*photograph*	*Jim Roddey*
7	*DROPS*	*Keith Walker*
8	*I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR PLANARIA*	*David Swain*
9	*KITE*	*Peter Harvin*
10	*photograph*	*Jim Roddey*
11	*BUDDHA AND THE GLASS SLIPPERS*	*David Swain*
12	*NUREYEV*	*J. Mark Taylor*
13	*SEASONS FALLING*	*John Lane*
14	*THE CALM*	*Dean Greene*
15	*photograph*	*Jim Roddey*
16	*THE BASTARD IN OLIVUS*	*J. Mark Taylor*
17	*EPITAPH FOR D.A. TRAVERSI*	*Keith Walker*
18	*photograph*	*Mark Crenshaw*
19	*TO MY FATHER, ON HIS MADNESS*	*Dennis Dooley*

Cover photograph by Mark Crenshaw.

"FABLE" was first published several years ago in the Boston Phoenix. The Journal *appreciates permission to reprint.*

Keith Walker, Editor
Peter Harvin, Assistant Editor

NOVEMBER, 1975
VOL. LXXXVII, No. 1

JAN 1976

THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

Keith Walker, Editor
Peter Harvin, Assistant Editor

UNIT

Dionysus' amplified voice
Surges round as the room is slowly submerged.
We share this table,
Puddle of water and me.
Ashes on the puddle's surface:
As the people dance,
Their single foot treading water
In cadence to the pulse that shakes their belly.
I try to mop the puddle up,
But condensation (sweat) forms another.
I must leave this place.
To enter the street? River and ocean.
Odysseus is dead? I think not.
Kung's moon is full, too.
The lofty Elsinore has toppled; the
Mirror is now spherical.
I cannot leave this place, there is
Nowhere to go. Inner has become outer.
The depths of this pool are rank,
So says my nose to me.
Ha! -- the nose knows.

Spheres are the axis
If the constituent molecules are infinite
And undrowned.
I cannot leave this place;
I must learn to breathe water.

1451 RANKIN STREET NO. 1

The split-leaf philodendron beanstalks toward the retreat
of the giant (No. 3), the Allman Brothers freak.
The thriving spider plant fireworks its way
in the opposite direction, parachuting toward the pallet
where your cats and I stroke our fear and wait.

Not very long ago (the story goes) (the roaches tell it),
you stayed away from home almost two weeks –
biking, doping, fucking bears in national parks –
or perhaps you were held captive in a Holiday motel.
(That was in July; I showed up in early fall.)
The plants, at any rate, conceived a selfish thirst;
and the cats gave out of chow and ate your myna bird,
whom you wept on your return, and whose unhappy home –
its piece of cuttlebone in the image of St. Francis –
you left hanging like a bright and hollow stone.

The cats had also crunched up quite a few cockroaches,
who, old or overweight or undistinguished, went unmourned.
Roaches, after all, make very few demands
even when you're here. Your crumbs you simply let
fall where they may; spilt milk not only goes unwept,
it is not wiped away, you are so kind.
But if worse had come to worst (it happens many times),
the roaches could have lived on catshit quite a while.
Or could have moved away. Unlike. . . . Unlike.

LINNET'S SONG

1. Coole Park

The storms had been the worst in memory.
Springing from Spain to tear from Cork to Dundalk,
Drowning Munster meadows,
Exploding Dan's windows at Rathmore,
The banshee still wailed gale force at Dublin Airport.

So the lake was flooded at Coole,
The desmense soggy, twisted sticks,
Not even a single swan to mount
At our reverent, muddy approach.
The house long mere outline of foundation.

Yet the copse of birch still thrives,
Silver grey against Ireland's eternal green,
As though earth and planter had romantically wed,
Struggled and endure, despite lost pilgrims.

2. Ballylee

Indeed the waters race this day
And Dark Raftery's cellar drop
Cannot contain the flood,
So that all seems at last one lake.

They are restoring the Tower, down to his bed.
My students stumble up dark, winding stairs
Delighted at the stern necessity
Of some poor Twelfth-Century Norman captain.

It is a cold place any time.
The wind has torn away the directional
And I press into the parapet, eyes squinted
Against the close grey of January.

Perhaps, even if it were June,
There'd not be much to see, save cows and trees,
Though I'd like to linger,
Against the wind and cold, and try.

But the students must be off to other places,
To stand and view what they do not understand.

3. Stradbally

Though I know better,
This place is always summer soft and still
With gentle, green breasts of hills;
The only sounds the lowing of cattle,
The cries of children at play
And the distant Angelus.

I know better than that.
But in the midlands, there is
My cousin with his kids and cows.

4. The Black Pool

As you crest the rise on the airport road,
She squats there, a low, brown town
Of TV aerials and church spires
Against the emerald mass of the Wicklow Hills.

Oh, it's a pious place, all right,
Though the old spires are mostly C of I
And their services scarcely attended.
They say the pint's as popular as prayer
And, with luck, the tele gets five stations.
But the mountains are what you're after.
Up there, away from all those footless jackeens,
A man might stand and see forever.

TO A DRUNK ON THE FENWAY

Drink of the pair of blood-red eyes
  Reflecting as if single mirrors,
  Side-by-side leavened-bread nostrils,
    Unkempt beard,
      And sandpaper voice
        scratching the grey gravelled sky.
Cheap wine - skimmer, stammer, and stumble,
  Fumble of conscious mind
    into park-bench grasses--
A mockingbird cries
    on bare-elm branch overhead:
Only yadder of prattle,
    Open - seived.

WISCASSET

We have no ambition
As we used to
Two ships lie rotting in
The harbor as swiftly
The choppy gray sheepscot
Passes, flows to the sea

I see Norm Sherman smile
Showing two decayed
Black rows of teeth. He stops
How they goin' Norm?
Oh, fair to middlin'
How 'bout you. Piss poor.

At the corner of the street
Is the Maine Central Station
Closed. One freight a day
Doesn't stop here anymore.
Tat's Diner sells cold beer.
Schlitz. Twelve ounce bottles.

In front of Doug Schmal's store
Sits a Mercedes-Benz
With New Jersey plates
Rust gnawing an unseen
Hole on the back fender
We'll get him, too.

FLORE

You were wearing smiling clothes that day,

A bright summer outfit.

The ringlets of your hair

Fell down like the endless swirls

Of a waterfall,

Scattering the sun.

Those two mysterious eyes which lit my world

Were shining as if the source of life itself

Lay behind the dark, radiant pools. . .

The sun has set,

The water has stopped falling;

The silence is breaking my heart.

SAND DRIFT — WIND ECHO

Grasses
wild, and ever
growing over a dead
man's grave -- Sea oats blow the hollowed
conch shell.

KUDZU AND BLUE JEANS

"What is now proved was
once only imagined."

—William Blake, The
Proverbs of Hell

A certain eschatology surrounds kudzu and blue jeans.
I once imagined the end of the world to come not by
an all-consuming fire, as most people believe, but by

the prolific an ubiquitous growth of that prostrate
Asiatic leguminous vine; kudzu. Given the possibilities
of advertising, I now conceive an adjunct to that prophecy:

the end of the world by blue jeans, those faded, fibrous
Neo-American threads of the over-the counter, counterculture.
Admittedly, kudzu prevents erosion, and its redish-purple

flowers smell sweet, But chaingangssweat all summer
to hedge back the gnomish beast that swallows trees and
telephone lines. I see days when kudzu and blue jeans

cover the entire world, and all the people have died.
It happens like this: first, all the vegetation goes
and many people starve to death; some die because they

can't get their blue jeans off or because the blue jeans
have grown to their skins and closed off the pores
or because they're humiliated to death from looking like

everyone else with blue jeans; then, the telephone lines
go, and many more die of loneliness or because they can't
call for help to get their blue jeans off. As kudzu

covers them, lakes retreat, and everyone is very thirsty.
Still others die because kudzu consumes their houses
or the insides of the houses fill with blue jeans. Finally,

all the people die, and only kudzu and blue jeans remain.
Tragic. But the image intrigues me. I can, for instance,
see it written up in *History Today* twenty-some-odd years

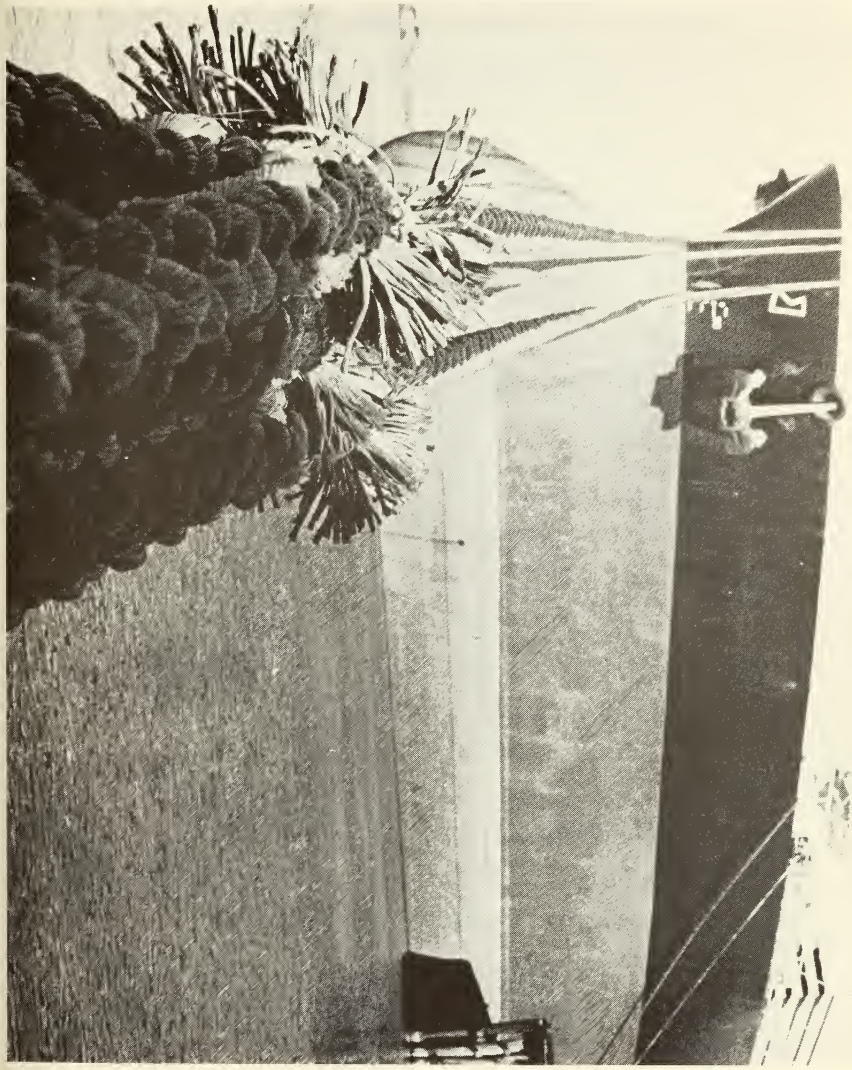
later: "The beginning of the end was the result of a
spontaneous deviation, precipitated by a simultaneous
over-indulgence in the unrestrained ritual of self-expression.

The first euphoric effects of the ritual were sighted
somewhere over Pittsburg, where people, used to walking
the streets looking at other people walking the streets

looking at other people walking the streets looking,
began to patch their blue jeans with kudzu, after an
hybrid version of the latter, so strong and resilient

as to render traditional fabric virtually ineffectual,
was patented. All of a sudden, blue jeans everywhere
rejected the filamentous vegatation, and the residual

enmity proved catastrophic. According to informed sources
in close proximity to the incipient rebillion, 'it looked
like the end of the world.' "



RETURN TO THE BANKS OF HURRICANE CREEK

Like the water ever flowing
I must pass between new banks.
The healing water must keep going
And I must join its living ranks.
Through the hills and down the valley
I shall wander, I shall flow
'Til at one point my heart will rally
And I finally shall know.
Life's a stream and I am flowing,
A man drifting on this earth,
From the mountains I am growing
From the spring that gave me birth.
I am joined by others like me
And I become a part of each,
The shallow ones that chuckle brightly
The deeper ones that silence teach.
Though different paths we sometimes run
We're ever flowing toward the sea.
I am a part of everyone
And they are all a part of me

Slap the icky morass on the wall

Drive your bouncing mind back down the hall

Hide those feelings quick - it is a flaw

Create a fake before you learn to crawl

The masks we wear. . . unman us all.

DRIFTWOOD

Black ink splash drawing;
A cry of roaming sea bird;
Moon in autumn waves!

ELEGY FOR ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

See how
the butterfly
sways in the wind on reed;
silk cocoon falls to ground from a
willow.

MELTED SNOWS

Tears mingle with the dust of Trojan walls.
I mourn brave men.
But stay! *Ou sont les neiges d'antans?*
Here, as the autumn sun sets,
I extend my hand, and touch
The tree (still young) ahead,
Its leaves turned towards the fading warmth and light
As dusk settles over all.
I smile, hearing the nightingale's song:
Ou sont les neiges d'antans?
I see them here and everywhere.

CONTINGENCIES

We are not assigned a seasor
by flesh
or frailty
with no between
and a back-slide
now and then

Depending (of course)
on which plants
grow inside
Spring
may be always

and puddles are not for children only

People
older than their youth
may love puddles
too
and say it's something other
than the pig
in them

THE SIMPLE ANGLER

My parents sometimes despair, friends call it quaint.
Even I confess not knowing why
I am drawn to fish late summer away,
In the teeming heat to cast and cast,
Searching depths and shoals, until at last
The rod jerks, trembles excitedly
And arches over the side for the netting.
In the search for a matching hunger,
The moment's mating of life with life to the death,
There seems something simple as summer itself,
Though perhaps I'm just being foolish.

RHYTHM

The waves churn shells
  and shell grit.
Breathing stirs the currents
  of dust.

CONTENTS

1	*UNIT*	*Peter Harvin*
2	*photograph*	*Keith Walker*
3	*1451 RANKIN STREET NO. 1*	*Ed Minus*
4	*photograph*	*James Roddey*
5	*LINNET'S SONG*	*Dennis Dooley*
7	*TO A DRUNK ON THE FENWAY*	*Mark Taylor*
8	*WISCASSET*	*Dale Hinote*
9	*photograph*	*James Roddey*
10	*poem*	*Walt Way*
	SAND DRIFT — WIND ECHO	*Mark Taylor*
11	*photograph*	*James Roddey*
12	*KUDZU AND BLUE JEANS*	*David Swain*
14	*RETURN TO THE BANKS OF HURRICANE CREEK*	*Bradley Smith*
15	*poem*	*Walt Way*
	DRIFTWOOD	*Mark Taylor*
	ELEGY FOR ADELAIDE CRAPSEY	*Mark Taylor*
16	*photograph*	*Frank Jarrett*
17	*MELTED SNOWS*	*Peter Harvin*
	CONTINGENCIES	*David Swain*
18	*photograph*	*Keith Walker*
19	*THE SIMPLE ANGLER*	*Dennis Dooley*
	RHYTHM	*Keith Walker*

VOL. LXXXVII, No. 2

January 1976

Wofford College

MAY 1976 REC'D MAY 18 1976

THE JOURNAL

BLACKTHORN WALKING STICK

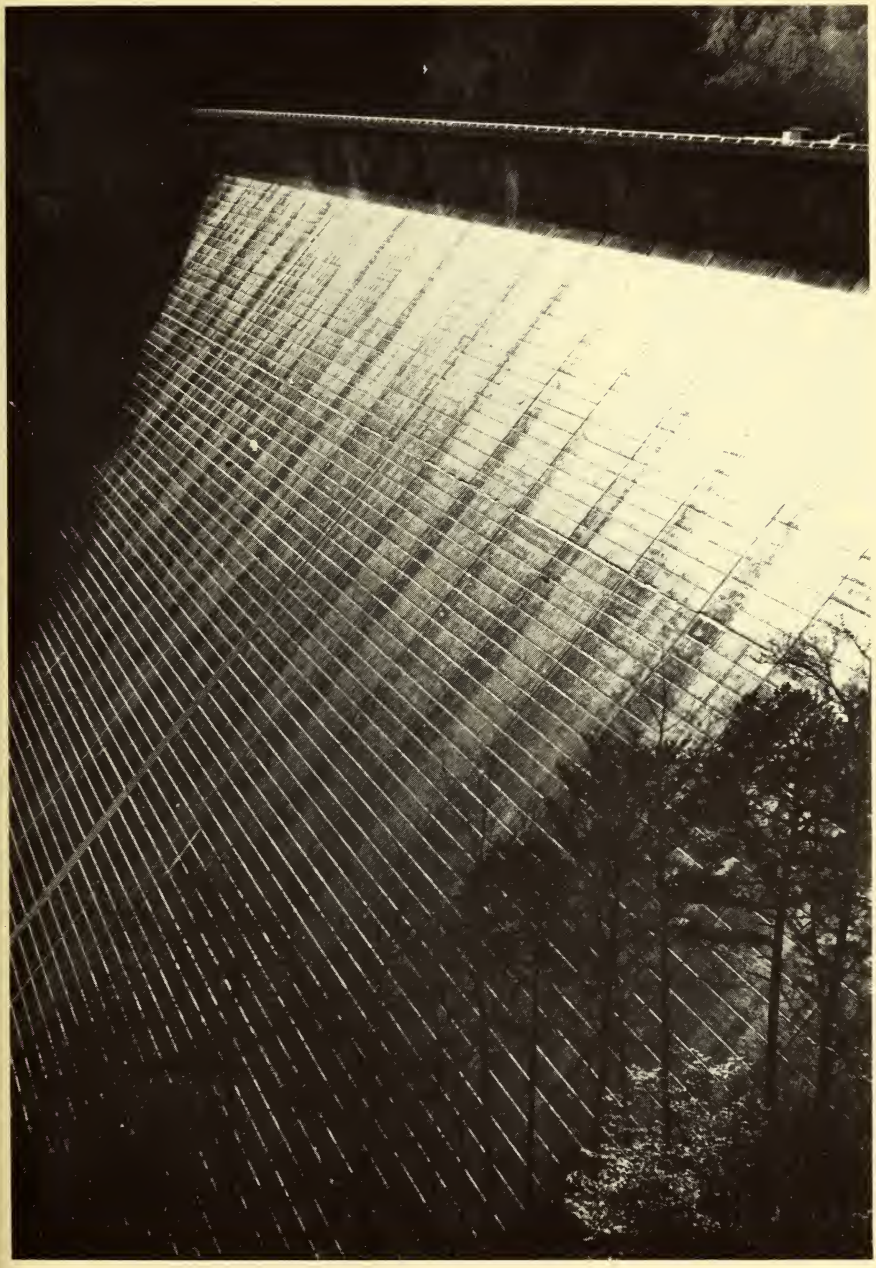
My Father having been taken
To fight Hitler and Hirohito,
Grandfather was the first man I knew.
Somehow, whenever Mother and I arrived,
It was always after dinner
And himself seated on that bench
Beneath the old apple tree.
There was no jungle gym
More wondrous than his lean limbs,
Despite the sweat and stink.
And when Mother begged his fatigue,
He would softly rebuke her with,
"Ah, now, he's a good lad,"
And, taking me in his immense hands,
"Son of my son, flesh of my flesh."

He was an orphan; mother dead at birth,
Father killed at threshing two years later.
But for the Gonleighs, God knows.
At twenty-eight he came to America
With that nearly perfect blackthorn
His only inheritance.
Later its gnarled, crooked darkness
Stood us many a mile of walk,
Thrashing cobwebs and nettles,
Flushing rabbits, taming stray dogs
And, on occasion, righting
The boldness of a small boy.

I was twelve when he died.
Afterwards, Father asked me,
Being first born, if I wanted
Something to remember him by.
There was the stick.

Grandmother was an old bitch
Ever at us over this or that.
Later, being quite senile,
She struck my uncle.
Fortunately, he had a hard head.
The stick, sadly, broke in two.

The other day in the window of
H. Johnston, Wicklow Street,
I saw a blackthorn nearly like it.
They wanted thirty pounds.
I had the money, cash in pocket,
But did not buy. Somehow
It wouldn't have been the same.



WHITEWATER FALLS

Up, from base sea level,
Through the confining valleys,
Past the silent sentinel firs,
The river flees its ocean.

Frightened, hearing its own dull, white thunder,
The river leaps on ancient watersteps
Away from the impure sea
Toward its youth.

Twisted, tumbled, and confused
By memories of soft sandy bottoms
That tried to slow its escape,
The river rushes up these ancient steps.

Flee from the sullen, brown meander
That you become with age,
Up the long broken fall
Toward a new clear brook.

Amidst the moist cushion
Of the mountain slope,
There is your first pure blood.
There may nature's babbling become your own.

MRS. PATRUCHKA

Pigeons and seagulls, strutting
Back and forth, back and forth
Bobbing heads as if on parade
Made the shoe-leathered pastry woman look like a stone-statue.

She would spend the better part of her day
Sitting on a town-square bench
Throwing crumbs to the fowl at her feet.
The birds would coooo at her
And she at them
And passersby would jeer at her
And call her "old pastrywoman"
And shout about her being crazy
Which would cause the birds to scatter
But they would always come back to her.

The townspeople would never stop to talk with her.
No one knew where she would go with dusk or when it would rain
Nor did anyone know what she did when she was there
But she would return with the next sun
With new bread for her children.

One day the pastry woman did not come
Or the next
Or the next
Until someone said "She must be dead."
Someone else said "Let us go and look for her.
Surely she is dead."
Yet another said "We must bury her."

So they went and looked for her all around town.
They looked for her that day
And the next
And the next
Until someone said "We cannot find her.
How can we bury her without due funeral?"

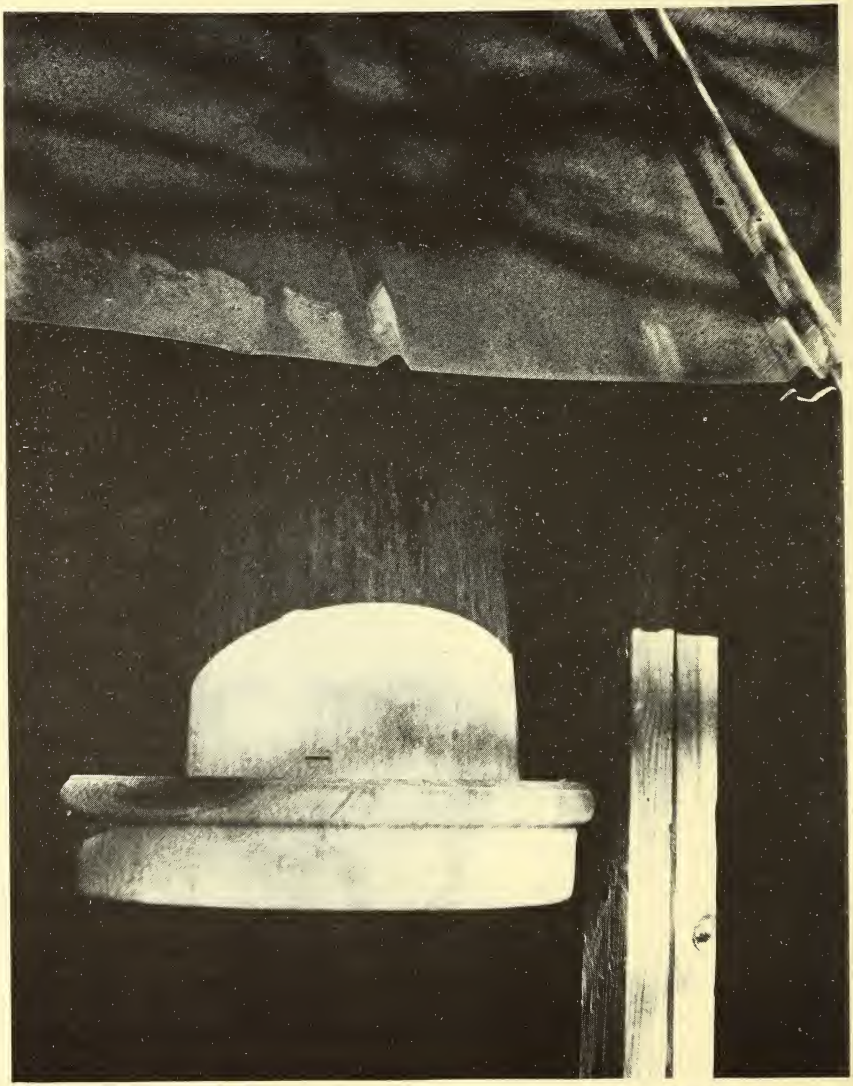
A day went by
And another
And another
And pretty soon the townspeople forgot her.

One morning it rained.
Pigeons and seagulls strutted
        Back and forth, back and forth
        Bobbing heads as if on parade.
The pastry woman sat on a town-square bench like a stone-statue.

The townspeople turned out to stare
But the pastry woman sat still and smiled at her children
        And probably wondered why it took funerals and burial
        To make people think of death.

TO THOSE WHO ENDURE

Trees shaking their buds around like a wolf spider trying to shake her babies off after a long day of hauling them around.
Spring has come too soon again and the baby blooms find themselves outside, playing in the not so warm breeze. They know they should be inside the womb, but they could not restrain their eagerness. So they learn to put up, keep quiet (for they cannot talk yet), and hope for a chance to re-enter.
But when they re-enter (hopefully for the last time), it's not as rosy (ha, ha!) as one should have hoped for. They can't go back to the womb, though, for the scar has healed now.
One must be brave to be a flower of an Indian summer!



VIEW FROM A HEIGHT

And what will I say to them,
These gray and yellow Olympians
Who sit in soft chairs of vinyl
Frowning and nodding at appropriate points,
Belching and farting demurely,
Pulling their pricks complacently under the conference table?
What can I say?

I can tell them... I can tell them...

Napoleon. *Virtu*...

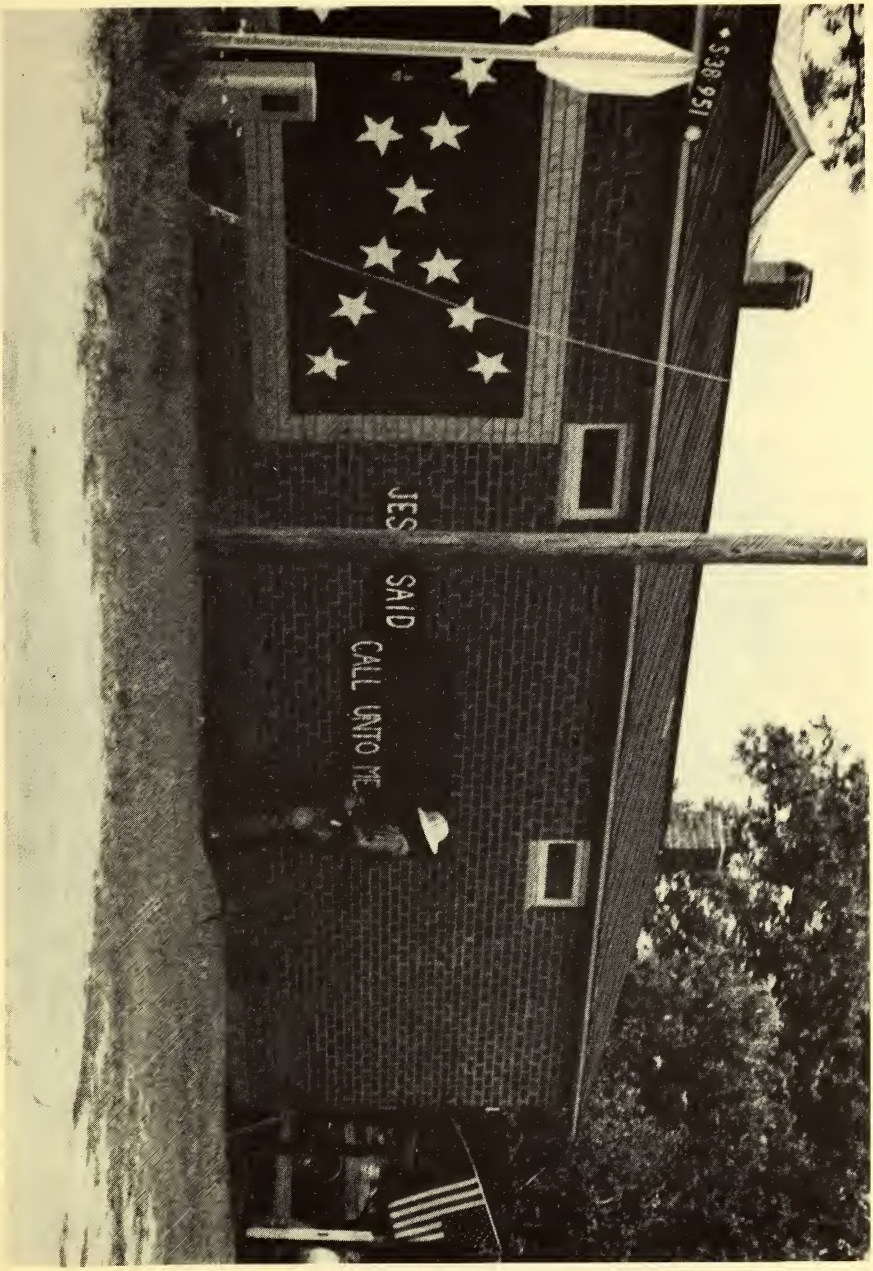
Surely, gentlemen, you can see
My ideas are self-explanatory
And self-supporting;
My logic impeccable.
I am a genius you know.
Excuse me sir, but you are coming on my leg.
Would you mind...

And when will this soft and slushy snow
Stop falling? I'm tired,
So tired of this brown sludge that
Seeps into my shoes.
The Soho galleries on this
Grimy winter evening
Are no place for me to be.
No art anywhere around anyway.
Just sludge and cold feet.

And when I go home, what will I say then?
How are you? Have a nice day?
How are the cockroaches? Glad to hear it.
Isn't it about time for dinner? Oh, the cockroaches... I see.
Well, isn't it about time to screw?
Oh, the cockroa--
Enough, fool. Good taste above all, please.

And what when I get up tommorrow?
The apparition seen through gritty fog
Of figures stamping through the snow, or rain, or heat.
And I'll allow myself a *little* satisfaction.

So what will I say to them today?
Shall I speak of Napoleon and *virtu*?
Or of the figures which dance in the street below
To an old and familiar tune?


S 38 151
JES
SAID
CALL UNTO ME

THE HOUSE AT THE END OF PETER'S POINT ROAD

"No Trespassing--posted"
We always see the signs
Disregard their meaning and the sting
Becomes quickly impotent.

The sand road is badly over grown—
Scruboaks and pines dot the old farm fields.
Spanish bayonettes brush the red fenders of the jeep.
We never know what we will find
On the Edisto backroads.

In the clearing ahead stands a house,
Out of place, two stories, tar paper brick finish,
Empty windows, and columns made of cinder blocks
There is no foundation to keep the coastal winter wind
From sweeping beneath the timbers:
As if it were brought to this spot
And placed on the four supports.
We followed the road and left this house behind.

Steadily moving water of the river
Showed through the oaks in the distance
Where the road ends in the reeds.
The jeep pushed through the grass
Left dead brown by the cold.

On one side, hidden by trees
Stands an old house
Dwarf palmettos surround the house
And cover the yard.
Several large oaks lift moss covered limbs
As the wind passes us.
Antebellum rubble at harmony
With the island forgetting time.
A planter's home falling slowly
Into the overgrown grass and shrubbery
Hidden by the trees and "No trespassing" signs
From the traffic along the highway.

Crumbling steps and a screened porch
Rusted red brown in the salt air
Cover the front of the house.
The closed shuttered windows blend
With the rotting clapboard finish
A foundation made of old tabby and brick
Will stand long after the wood has gone
Because of a vandal's fire or the winter dampness.
We stop near the steps and look up
Lusting after its aged eaves with no words to say.

First Place: Helmus Poetry Contest

SAP

The vapor—covered shower door is fast
As droplets paint distorted maps that change;
Emersion in the cleansing, scalding bath,
She soaks for hours in the comfort cage.
She moves with damp and dragging steps to sit
Upon a chair beside an open window,
And peels the paint from a narrow slit,
And stares at twisted branches far below.
She gently pulls her guitar to her lap,
And rests her fingers lithely on the strings;
The quick desire starts to bleed and sap,
She plays quite slow and hums instead of sings.
    Sarcastic ticks come dully from the clock,
    She thinks of dreams and waits for him to knock.

Second Place: Helmus Poetry Contest

UNIT

Dionysus' amplified voice
Surges round as the room is slowly submerged
In sound.
We share this table,
Puddle of water and me.
Ashes swirl on the puddle's surface
As the people dance,
Their single foot treading water,
Cadenced to the pulse that shakes their gut.
I try to mop the puddle up,
But sweat form another.
I must leave this place.
To enter the street? River and ocean.
Odysseus is dead? I think not.
Kung's moon is full, too.
The lofty Elsinore has toppled;
The mirror is now spherical.
I could wish for something different.
But I cannot leave this place, there is
Nowhere to go.
The depths of this pool here are rank,
So says my nose to me.
Ha!— the nose knows.

I cannot leave this place;
I must learn to breathe water.

Third Place: Helmus Poetry Contest

AT THE PEACH BLOSSOM BALL

A momentous moonlit evening
As debutantes attached to football players
Parade divinely past the punchbowl,
Sandwiching on tongue and watercress,
Smelling sixty dollars an ounce
And bearing dirty old stares.

Cocktail music drifting on misty currents into the garden
Mingles with peach blossoms and paper lanterns
As pink and blue couples discover new paths.
Into the deepest foliage they go,
Through tunnels of pink petal,
Whispering chic conversations for crickets to admire.

Hidden from the moon,
In the bower they sit upon handkerchiefs
Glowing soft warmth into the night air,
Discussing Debussy and Chapman's Homer
Till the lines of conversation are spent and
All that is left is the weather.

Through the blossoms burns a lantern
And a suicidal moth flies headlong in.
Paper wings ignite in flame flower splendor.
A dismal life ends on a glorious note.
Lemmings and colonial footsoldiers . . .
Panoramic visions of a better place.

And suddenly:
A rumbling in the east.
Anticipating eyes turned
Awaiting the birth of a new and distant sun,
Refusing to mourn the sad demise of Friend Moon,

Staring at a fence of vine and wicker,
Fragile as paper,
Erected against the external,
Tumbling and crashing
Before the hooves of untamed horses
And a horde of godless Huns.
Matron screams bloodcurdle the night
And vorpal blades snickersnack powdered flesh.
Blueblood in arterial gushes floods the dance floor.
Soft bodies undertrodden by threshing hooves.
Brittle bones crumble into orthopedic dust.
Sabred tuxedoes tattered crimson
Spears thrust about randomly
Piercing hearts and dashing hopes.
Women raped like Sabines beneath daggers
Screaming as Dior chiffon bleeds hymeneal
And pearls spill from cleaved necklaces
To roll about in jugular scarlet.
And Jehovan incantations mount hills of paincries,
Towering above and asking forgiveness
For having read Henry Miller and buggering truth for money
And being so Goddamn naive.
And when the rain comes,
It is not cleansing,
just wet.

And, beneath concrete rubble,
The Queen of the Peach Blossom Ball
Watches pink rivers flow harmlessly away
And is swept up in the recessional
Bounced and tossed and raped and pillaged
Smiling all the way
Imagining the entrance hall suddenly filled
And a bugle sounding Charge.

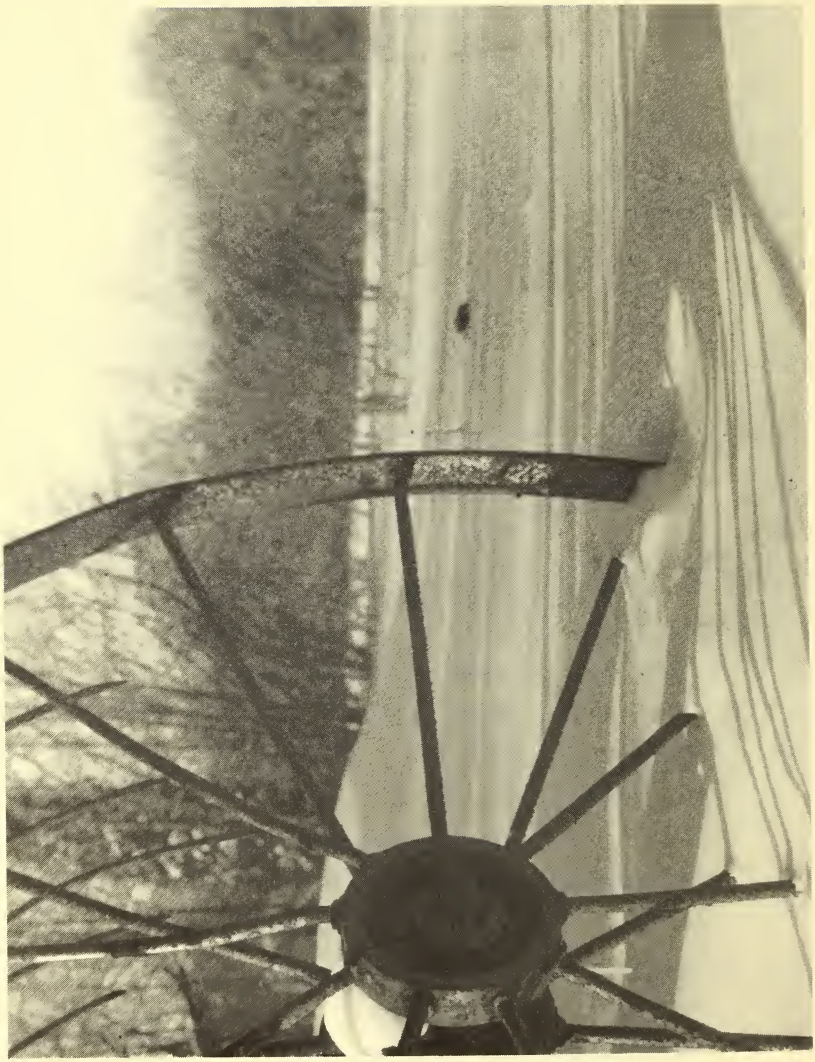
The Seventh Cavalry reincarnated
A wave of rescuing blue,
And dreams of General Custer as played by Clint Eastwood
Hornlocked with Charles Bronson - Attila,
Sweating virile in her warm virgin blood.

At the Peach Blossom Ball
Moonlight drips softly from pink petals
And the only sound is that of a saxophone
That plays forever.

Third Place: Helmus Poetry Contest

YELLOW RIVER

It has always been a dream of mine
To fill myself with beer,
Then climb upon a high rock wall
And standing firmly, here
Spew out a golden line
Unbroken by the fall,
No drip misplace, no drop misused,
Oh, they would have to call
Me great. Then watch my name appear
On every wall and bathroom stall
And bring a rousing cheer
From drunk and tispy men alike
As they turn another up,
Or those who try, to their dismay,
To fill a doctor's cup



WARRANT

Mr. Balalanka stood his ground in a corner.

His hands would be clasped tightly together
before his open pajama blouse,
turning hobbed-knuckles bone white.
His bared feet were cracked and dusty,
sometimes bleeding on the wooden-planked floor
from relentless standing vigil.

Come, May he would gurgle
Don't leave me standing here.
Please, pretty May
Pretty May
His voice would fade.

Beside him there
Untouched
Would be a tin plate heaped with leavened bread crumbs
And a silver goblet brimmed with dark, mottled water.

Tsk! Tsk! Mr. Balalanka would whimper.
Eat of it
Drink of it
Take it full.
Fill your sodden head
Yours will be quiet respite fool.

His eyes would turn stone-grey
And he would babble and drool

Give me leave of this place
I've no place to stood
I've no place to stood.

LA LOUFE

Rhododendrons are eating my nose,
big and raunchy--
not too dry and not too sweet,
the sherry flows down my throat
(spewing out of my navel, drowning
the masses who beg at my feet).
Homo antiqua virtute et fidelis.
He who's not Dizzy Dean is
busy being dying, or so they say.
But that is all theory and we
are practical men, who never
admit to farting even when there
are only two of us.
Homo antiqua virtute et fidelis.
In any case the new liberalism
is not to be trusted.
But out of the case and into
the bag, it's the greatest thing in the world
(to the madman mumbling in his beard, anyway).
But here lies the issue·
Homo antiqua virtute·et fidelis.

THE JOURNAL

VOL. LXXXVII, No. 3

1	*BLACKTHORN WALKING STICK*	*Dennis Dooley*
3	*photograph*	*James Roddey*
4	*WHITEWATER FALLS*	*James Roddey*
5	*photograph*	*James Roddey*
6	*MRS. PATRUCHKA*	*J. Mark Taylor*
7	*TO THOSE WHO ENDURE*	*Vernie Marsh*
8	*photograph*	*Keith Walker*
9	*VIEW FROM A HEIGHT*	*Peter Harvin*
11	*photograph*	*Yorke Lawson*
12	*THE HOUSE AT THE END OF PETER'S POINT ROAD*	*John Lane*
13	*SAP*	*Les McMillan*
14	*UNIT*	*Peter Harvin*
15	*AT THE PEACH BLOSSOM BALL*	*Jim Smith*
17	*YELLOW RIVER*	*James Roddey*
18	*photograph*	*Mark Young*
19	*WARRANT*	*J. Mark Taylor*
20	*photograph*	*Keith Walker*
21	*LA LOUFE*	*Lygavy*

Keith Walker, Editor
Peter Harvin, Assistant Editor

Wofford College May 1976